TALES TOLD IN HAWAII

BY

BERTA METZGER

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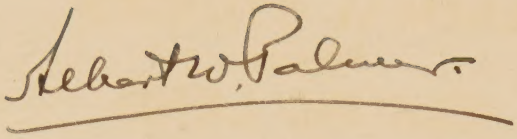

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TALES TOLD IN HAWAII

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"She spread her arms over them." —*Page 17*

TALES TOLD IN HAWAII

BY

BERTA METZGER

"'Twas not of me, but from the ancients
Came the myth."

—From a Maori chant

With fifteen illustrations in black and white by Verna Tallman

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
Foreword		xi
First Moving Pictures	*Samoan*	1
Turtle Spots	*Polynesian*	2
Boy Who Cried for the Moon	*Samoan*	3
Quarrel of the Sun and the Moon	*Maori*	5
Lazy Boy, The	*Hawaiian*	5
Why the Surf is Broken	*Hawaiian*	7
Sweetheart of the Flowers	*Marquesan*	8
Kawa the Cunning	*Hawaiian*	9
Flower of Lanai	*Hawaiian*	10
Unkind Beauty, The	*Samoan*	12
Kana and the Fairies	*Maori*	14
Origin of the Rainbow	*Maori*	15
Mist Maid and Rain Boy	*Hawaiian*	17
Fairy Wife, The	*Rarotongan*	18
Flying Taro, The	*Hawaiian*	20
Battle of the Owls, The	*Hawaiian*	22
Ungrateful Rat, The	*Samoan*	23
Borrowed Wings, The	*Samoan*	25
Sandfly and the Mosquito, The	*Maori*	26
Boy Who Invented Sails, The	*Hawaiian*	27
Calabash of Winds, The	*Hawaiian*	28
Rata's Canoe	*Aitutakian*	29
Saucy Fairy, The	*Mangaian*	31
Sacred Fowls, The	*Samoan*	32
Inseparables, The	*Mangaian*	34
Love of Heipua, The	*Society Island*	36
Deceitful Maidens, The	*Maori*	37
Eleio the Fleet	*Hawaiian*	39
Siamese Twins, The	*Samoan*	40
Origin of Tapa, The	*Hawaiian*	41
Origin of the Moon, The	*Maori*	42
Kura the Ogress	*Maori*	42
Deadly Moss, The	*Hawaiian*	45
Fool Family, The	*Tongan*	46
Origin of Stilts	*Maori*	47

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Origin of the Coconut Tree	*Mangaian*	48
Man-eating Bird, The	*Maori*	49
Origin of Kawa, The	*Tongan*	50
How Nonu was Saved	*Samoan*	51
Wicked Handmaiden, The	*Tahitian*	52
Maui the Baby	*Maori*	57
Christening of Maui, The	*Maori*	58
Boastful Stranger, The	*Maori*	60
Maui the Mischievous	*Maori*	61
Maui and the Birds	*Maori*	63
Stingy Mudhens, The	*Hawaiian*	64
How Maui Snared the Sun	*Hawaiian*	66
Why the Hawaiian Islands are in a Row	*Hawaiian*	68
Laugh of the Swamp-rail, The	*Maori*	70
Angry Moon, The	*Samoan*	72
Woman in the Moon, The	*Polynesian*	73
Ogre's Plaything, The	*Maori*	76
Origin of the Ocean, The	*Hawaiian*	79
Jealous Wife, The	*Hawaiian*	81
Pele and the Bad-tempered Chief	*Hawaiian*	82
Origin of Dancing, The	*Mangaian*	83
First Coquette, The	*Mangaian*	85
How Heaven and Earth were Kicked Apart	*Maori*	87
Red Robe of Heaven, The	*Maori*	89
Sky Spangles, The	*Maori*	90
Origin of Trees, The	*Maori*	91
Origin of Clouds, The	*Maori*	92
Creation of Woman, The	*Maori*	93
House Built of Beautiful Men and Women	*Tongan*	95
Menehunes, The	*Hawaiian*	97
Menehune Watercourse, The	*Hawaiian*	98
Shark and the Menehunes, The	*Hawaiian*	100
Boastful Meneune, The	*Hawaiian*	102
Menehune Canoe, The	*Hawaiian*	103
Turtle and the Fowl, The	*Samoan*	105
Homeless Spirit, The	*Hawaiian*	107
Minute Guns of the Gods, The	*Hawaiian*	108
Why We Have Tides	*Maori*	110
Battle of Fire and Water, The	*Polynesian*	111
Isle of Flowers, The	*Tongan*	111
Temple of the Gods, The	*Hawaiian*	113
First Aviator of the Pacific, The	*Mangaian*	114

ILLUSTRATIONS

"She spread her arms over them" . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

" 'Do not touch it. It is a sacred turtle' " 2

"Sina begged him to forgive her" 12

The crab, the rat and the octopus 23

"Paakaa's mother gave him a calabash in a net" . . 28

"Their tears made a dotted trail behind them" . . . 34

"It was an ogress with bat wings" 43

"He mounted his false feet" 47

"The god said, 'Nonu, you are wrong' " 51

"Marama came from the moon and stood beside her" 73

The fish gathered at the feet of Tinirau 84

"The demon built his house of beautiful men and women" 95

" 'You are here before me?' gasped the fowl" . . . 106

"In the ocean there lives a god" 110

"He flew away to his own home" 115

FOREWORD

Many of these stories which Hawaiians and other Polynesians hear from their childhood should be told in song and dance. Some should be accompanied by ready tears and laughter. Some of them should be told around a campfire by old men with tattooed faces. Some should be chanted by bards before the courts of kings. My telling cannot compare with theirs. The poetry of the language, the music of Polynesian voices, the grace of dancers and story-teller must, alas, be wanting in these brief tales told to me by Hawaiians or gathered here and there from recorded legends of Polynesia.

To include in this book only the tales which are Hawaiian would be like insisting that one petal makes a ginger flower, for Hawaii is but one branch of a great family. In coming from the far islands to their new homes in Hawaii, these people brought in their outrigger canoes not only their food plants, but their stories as well. Some of the stories were forgotten; some were changed; new ones were added. An interesting example of a story which varies in the Pacific is that of Rata or Laka. In the story "Rata's Canoe," the birds make the canoe; in Hawaii the menehunes, or Little People, make it.

Polynesia is made up of two Greek words meaning "many islands." Where are these many islands? They lie in a great triangle in the Pacific Ocean. If a line be drawn from the tip of the Hawaiian islands to the base

of New Zealand, excluding Fiji; another line from New Zealand to Easter Island and from thence to Hawaii, you have the boundary.

The following simple rules practically control the pronunciation of Hawaiian words: (1) Each vowel is pronounced. (2) Syllables always end in a vowel. (3) Vowels have the following sounds:

a—*a* in father
e—*a* in late
i—*e* in me
o—*o* in note
u—*oo* in food

TALES TOLD IN HAWAII

The First Moving Pictures

Men of the Far Lands think they are the first to have moving pictures. They do not know of Sina and her pool.

Sina caught shadows of the gay dances of her people, of battles, of racing and wrestling, and of men and women at their daily work. She put these shadows on a pool in a hidden cave which could be entered only by moving a certain rock. When Sina was lonely she went into her hidden cave and enjoyed the moving pictures.

One day a man happened to push back the rock and enter the cave. He looked down and saw a group of men enjoying his favorite dance. He gave a shout of joy and dove in to join them. But, alas, he bruised his head and broke his arm on the rocks of the shallow pool.

So you know that the moving pictures of old were far better than those we have now, for what silly man would try to dance with the flat figures in the moving pictures of today?

Turtle Spots

On one of the islands of the blue Pacific there lived a very disobedient boy. If his father told him to catch crabs, he would snare eels. If he was told to snare eels, he would catch crabs. Often his father shook his head and wondered what to do with his son.

One night as the father started torchlight fishing, the boy called, "Father! Father! Do help me catch this giant turtle!"

The father planted his flaming torch in the sand and ran to him. "My boy, do not touch it.

"'Do not touch it. It is a sacred turtle.'"

It is a sacred turtle!" He went back to his fishing happy to have had a visit from a sacred turtle.

When the moon rose, the father returned with a basketful of fish. He held his torch high as he neared the shore. He gasped when he saw his son walking down the beach with the live turtle on his back. "Look at your body!" he cried.

The boy's back commenced to itch and his whole body was spotted like the shell of the sacred turtle. And spotted he was, to the end of his days.

The Boy Who Cried for the Moon

From the time Terete was a baby he was happy only when the moon was shining. The first words he ever said were, "Moon! Moon! Moon!" and he laughed and cooed at the moon as if it were his mother. "He will outgrow this strange love for the moon," his father said. But he did not. All day long the boy would sit and wait for darkness to bring the moon.

One day his father said, "Why don't you swim, fish, and play as other children do?"

Terete burst into tears and sobbed, "I want the moon! I want the moon!"

His father frowned. "I cannot bring the moon to you nor can I make it shine day and night to make you happy. I will take you to the moon. Perhaps you will be happy there."

"Thank you, Father, thank you!" cried the boy and he lovingly rubbed his nose against his father's.

Terete spent the day decorating the canoe with vines and flowers. As it glided out to sea Terete's mother wept and wailed and the boy's heart was heavy. The father paddled over the coral pools, past the reef, and out to the edge of the sea. He put down his paddle and said, "My son, you are dear to your mother and me. Will you not stay with us?"

The boy swallowed hard and was about to ask his father to take him home when the first leg of the moon rose out of the sea. Terete forgot his mother and his father and cried, "The moon! The moon! I want the moon!"

The father bowed his head and paddled on. He lifted the boy, and placed him upon the rim of the moon. "Farewell, my son, farewell!" he cried.

Terete's face beamed with light and he answered dreamily, "Farewell! Farewell!"

And that was the last that was ever seen of Terete on earth for from that day to this he lives on the moon. Samoan children say that on clear nights you can see him sitting on the edge of the moon, ever happy and ever young.

The Quarrel of the Sun and the Moon

Long ago the sun and the moon were great friends and they always travelled together. One day they had a dispute about the proper time to go across the sky.

"Night is the only time to travel in comfort," said the moon.

"Day is the only time to travel in comfort," replied the sun.

They argued for a long time and at last the sun became very angry and said, "Enough! Travel in the night! You will provide light so men can make their earth ovens."

The moon sneered. "And you! You will shine down and dry the washings of mankind."

They parted in anger and from that day to this the sun and the moon have always travelled alone.

The Lazy Boy

Moemoe was a very lazy boy and the only thing he wanted to do was to sleep. He would not help his mother in the taro patch and he would not go fishing with his father. And you may be sure he got many scoldings for his laziness.

One day when his mother sent him to the forest to get nuts for his father's birthday feast, Moemoe

yawned and gathered a few nuts. He yawned and sat down. He yawned and lay down. He yawned and went to sleep. The stream rose and covered him with water and branches and leaves, but Moemoe slept on with just his nose sticking out.

Moemoe's mother and father hunted all over the forest for him but they could not find him. "He's gone to sleep in some cave," said his father. "But never mind, he will come home when he gets hungry."

Moemoe slept on. A kukui nut fell from the tree and rested on his nose. It began to grow and tickle his nostrils. The boy woke and brushed it off angrily. He rose and shook the water from his body and rubbed his back where a rock had pierced it. He stamped his foot on the growing kukui nut and growled, "My parents won't let me sleep. The trees won't let me sleep. The water won't let me sleep. The rocks won't let me sleep. Well, since the whole world is against me, I'll go home and go to work."

And after that Moemoe lived a useful life.

Why the Surf is Broken

Kaulu was a demigod. One day when he was a boy he wished to swim where the surf was rolling angrily. Kaulu said, "I say, High Surf, are you strong?"

High Surf foamed and snarled, "Yes, for I strike from above and when I catch anyone I give him a good soaking."

High Surf struck him eight times but Kaulu was not hurt.

Kaulu looked at his right hand and said, "Say, Right Hand, are you ready for a fight?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Right Hand. "I am Flaming Upper Jaw and with my brother, Lower Jaw, I can break anything."

Kaulu looked at his left hand and asked, "Say, Left Hand, are you ready for a fight?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Left Hand. "I am Flaming Lower Jaw and with my brother, Upper Jaw, I can break anything."

Kaulu reached for High Surf, took him between Upper Jaw and Lower Jaw and broke that High Surf into pieces.

That is why the surf is broken even to this day.

The Sweetheart of the Flowers

Long ago when the world was young, Koikoi the strong, Koikoi the handsome, lived on one of the islands of the Pacific. He was as brown as the trunk of the cocopalm. His eyes were browner still and they danced with happiness for he loved the earth, the sky, and the sea. He played in the water as a fish does; in the forest as a child does. He could work too. He could fell a tree and hew out a canoe as no other man could, for the mountains loved him. He could tell stories of the gods that no man had ever heard before, for the sky loved him and formed cloud pictures for him alone to read.

Now Koikoi was the first man in all the world to love the flowers. Other men walked over them as if they were grass. Other men did not notice their perfumes nor rejoice that flowers lived forever. They did not wear them for ornaments as they do now. They were ashamed to. But Koikoi loved the flowers. He said they were beautiful women and he called them his sweethearts who bloomed for him alone.

One day Koikoi the strong, Koikoi the handsome, wreathed himself in flower anklets and wristlets, and flower leis, and put a gardenia behind his ear. He looked at himself in a pool and

was so pleased with the beauty of his sweethearts that he danced for joy. The gods of earth, sky and sea held their breath. The Great God of Silent Places looked down to see why earth was so quiet. He saw Koikoi faint, for the God of Winds had forgotten to breathe.

The Great God of Silent Places sent down curtains of mist and when they lifted, the flower women saw their sweetheart walking up the rainbow to join the gods. Great was the grief of his sweethearts. For the first time since the world began, tears scorched their petals which fell limply against their green leaves. And to this day flowers wilt every night remembering their lost sweetheart.

Kawa the Cunning

Kawa and her husband, Hoeu, lived very happily in their home on Hawaii. One day Hoeu saw a beautiful woman and he deserted Kawa and took this new woman for his wife. Kawa's tears fell like the rains of Hilo, for she loved her husband. A thought as bright as the noonday sun came to her and she dried her tears. She would make her husband return to her.

She placed a taboo around her home and would not step outside the house. She carried on conversations in her own voice and in that of a

man. People passing heard the two voices and they went to her husband and said, "Say, Hoeu, your wife has a new husband. And happy! They laugh and talk all the time!"

When Hoeu heard this his heart flamed with jealousy and his love for his new wife fled like mist before the sun. He left his new wife and went back to Kawa, Kawa the cunning.

The Flower of Lanai

When Kaa, "the sweet-scented-flower of Lanai," was strewing flowers before the king of Hawaii, she glanced up and saw the admiring eyes of Kai, a brave warrior of the king's bodyguard. He stepped forward and said, "If only a flower would flutter toward me."

With a shy laugh Kaa tossed him a flower from her hair, and her heart went with it.

That evening Kai asked the king for the girl's hand. The king learned from the girl's father that she was already promised to Mai the Bone-breaker. The girl's father saw that the king was displeased with his choice of a husband for the girl, and he said, "If your bold Kai can defeat Chief Mai with his bare hands he shall have my daughter."

The king ordered the people to assemble and as Kai came upon the field, Kaa called out to him,

"Save me from that bonebreaker and I will be your faithful wife." Her father angrily clapped his hand over her mouth.

The Bonebreaker laughed scornfully when he saw Kai. "So this is the little man who wants to fight me! I have snapped the bones of ten men bigger than he!"

"Ten children you mean!" Kai replied.

The people cheered when he gave this answer, and Mai the Bonebreaker lowered his head and rushed at him. With a side step, Kai avoided the Bonebreaker, tripped him, and threw him to the ground. In a moment the Bonebreaker was back on his feet and lunged at Kai. Again Kai threw the Bonebreaker and this time one of his legs was broken and the Bonebreaker did not rise.

The people cheered and cheered. The king placed the hand of the lovely flower of Lanai in that of Kai and said, "You have won her fairly. She is yours."

The Unkind Beauty

Two sisters loved their young and handsome brother, Malu, so much that they thought no woman was too beautiful to be his wife. When they heard of Sina, the belle of Fiji, they filled a bamboo bottle with his shadow and sailed for her

"Sina begged him to forgive her."

home. Upon their arrival in Fiji they put on their finest mats and shell ornaments and went to tell Sina of their brother who was following in another canoe to learn if his shadow pleased her.

Sina had often heard of the beauty of Malu and she longed to marry him. Little did she sus-

pect that the two women coming toward her were the older sisters of Malu. Now Sina was beautiful but she was unkind. She looked at the two women approaching and said to her maidens, "What evil wind has blown these overgrown cocoanuts to our shores?"

The maidens laughed and Sina made so much fun of the two women that they turned and went back to their canoe burning with anger. Soon Sina went to her pool to bathe and the sisters emptied the bottle upon the water. Sina glanced down and saw the image moving about in the water just as Malu was doing in life, and she cried, "That man shall be my husband! I must find him!" She sent her maidens to the village to ask all the young men to assemble that she might see whose image was on the water. They came, but not one was as handsome as the shadow of Malu.

After the people went away Sina noticed the two women and heard them chanting,

"Where is our brother?
'Tis for him we are slighted.
O Malu, rise up, it is day.
Your shadow prolongs our ill-treatment.
Malu, come and talk with her face to face,
Instead of that image in water."

Sina now realized that she had mistreated the sisters of Malu and she begged them to forgive

her. The sisters said nothing and awaited their brother.

When Malu heard what his sisters had suffered, his eyes became red with anger. Sina begged him to forgive her but he would not, and he and his sisters got into their canoes and sailed away. Weeping and screaming, Sina plunged into the water and swam after them. The sisters begged Malu to save Sina but he would not, and Sina, the belle of Fiji, sank into the ocean and drowned.

Kana and the Fairies

Kana and his men went into the forest to catch birds. When night came on they were a long way from home so they gathered wood for a fire, cooked their food, and lay down to sleep between the wall-like roots of a big tree.

When the campfire died down they heard in the darkness a multitude of voices. The hunters trembled for they feared it might be enemy warriors. Close came the voices. Kana rested on his elbow and stared into the blackness. A dying ember of the campfire blazed up and Kana saw many golden-haired fairies peeping at him. He was very frightened for he knew the little people were not human. He closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Now, though Kana was a very handsome man he was surprised to hear the fairies sing:

"We've come all this way,
A very long way,
To peep at Chief Kana, the handsome."

Kana was so pleased at their words that he wanted to give them a present. He took off his greenstone earrings and necklace and hung them on a forked stick where the fairies could reach them. The little people danced around the stick but they would not touch the gifts. Their chief took his bamboo knife, stooped and very carefully cut out the shadows of the earrings and the necklace from the ground. He lifted the shadows and wrapped them in a taro leaf. With a burst of singing the fairies thanked Kana for his gifts and danced away, leaving the real ornaments to Kana.

Origin of the Rainbow

The heavenly maidens, Mist Maid and Hinewai, used to hide in the mists and steal down from heaven to bathe in the waters of earth. They were seen by Uenuku, a mortal man, who so loved Mist Maid that he captured her. She promised to become his wife if he would keep her presence a secret. Uenuku promised, and every night Mist Maid descended to her husband and at dawn was

wakened by Hinewai, and the two sisters returned to heaven.

One day Uenuku boasted of his beautiful bride and he promised to let his parents and relatives see her. He hung curtains in his house so the morning sun would not waken Mist Maid. At dawn the faithful sister, Hinewai, called but Mist Maid did not answer and Hinewai returned to heaven alone.

When daylight came Uenuku's family gathered in front of the house and Uenuku drew back the sliding door. Mist Maid awoke and was alarmed when she saw mortals gazing at her beauty. She was ashamed and hid her face in her long hair. She climbed the roof of the house and sang a sad farewell to her faithless husband. A mist enveloped her and carried her to heaven.

Uenuku was so filled with sorrow over his disobedience and loss that he spent his life trying to find her. When old age and death overtook him, the gods were filled with pity and they transformed him into Rainbow who ever dwells with Mist Maid.

Mist Maid and Rain Boy

Mist Maid and Rain Boy were beautiful twins who dwelt in Hawaii. Their parents loved them dearly but, alas, the mother died and the father married again. Hawea, the stepmother, pretended to love the children but she loved no one but her own homely son.

When the father went to a far island on a journey the stepmother treated the twins very badly. Mist Maid wept and said to Rain Boy, "What shall we do? Hawea scolds us, beats us, and starves us!"

"Let's run away," said Rain Boy, and the hungry children fled to the mountains. Their own dear mother, in the form of a rainbow, spread her arms tenderly over them. The stepmother saw the rainbow and she went to the mountains and dragged the children home. They fled to a valley, but again they were found and brought home to be scolded, beaten, and starved.

The third time the twins fled to a rocky hill and hid in twin caves. They lived on wild plants, and birds which Rain Boy snared. One day Mist Maid said, "I wish I had a bathing pool."

"I'll see if I can get one for you," said Rain Boy. He went to a nearby pool where dwelt the water god who was an ancestor of theirs. "May

I have some water for my sister's bathing pool?" he asked.

"You may; dive into the pool," said the water god.

Rain Boy did as he was told. The god caused a waterway to be opened and the lad swam underground until he came to the place where his sister was sleeping. The water gurgled out of the ground and with it emerged Rain Boy. Very quietly he hollowed out a pool and walled it with rocks.

When Mist Maid woke she rubbed her eyes and cried, "Punahou! Punahou!"

"Yes, it is a 'new spring,'" said her brother proudly. And it is called Punahou to this day.

The two children lived quietly in their new home. Rain Boy planted taro and sweet potatoes and Mist Maid gathered bark and made cloth for their garments. When their father returned he drove the wicked Hawea and her homely son from the island, and the children and their father lived happily all their lives long.

The Fairy Wife

The people of a village were greatly troubled because their fruits and food plants were stolen. This happened for several months and they felt certain the thief was no one in their village. The

strange thing was that the thefts always occurred on the night after the full moon. They placed guards in the village and on the plantations and one of them saw a fairy of dazzling whiteness and her brother rise from the fountain, and return to it laden with bananas, taro, and coconuts.

A month later several men lay in wait near the fountain. From the water rose the beautiful brother and sister. The men threw a net over the fountain and chased the fairies, who fled back to the fountain. The maiden dove into the water and was ensnared in the net. Her struggles misplaced the net and when the brother dove in, he escaped into fairyland.

The villagers carried the fairy maiden back to their homes. She was treated with kindness and became accustomed to the ways of earth except she would eat nothing but raw fruits. In time she and Ati, a brave and handsome chief, fell in love and were married. When her child was born she told Ati to kill her. "Kill you, my beloved wife, why should I?" he exclaimed.

"A fairy is always killed after her baby is born," she answered.

Ati shook his head. "That is not right. A mother should live and take care of her child. All earth mothers do so."

"I may live and take care of my child?" cried the fairy. She took her child in her arms and wept

for all the fairy mothers who had been killed. For a time she was very happy with her husband and baby, and then she said, "I must return to my people and tell them they must never kill another fairy mother."

Ati would not let her go until she promised that he should go with her. Hand in hand they walked to the fountain. The fairy drew Ati after her but he could not breathe in the water as she could and he grew faint. She returned again and again to take Ati with her, but at last she saw that if he went to fairyland he would die. She rubbed her nose tenderly against his and said, "I must go alone and leave you and my dear child. Farewell, my love wreath, farewell!" She dove into the fountain and never returned to earth.

The broken-hearted husband returned to his home and found his only joy in his baby and in thinking of the great happiness his wife had brought to the mothers and fathers of fairyland.

The Flying Taro

In the days when Hawaii had chiefs, and that was only yesterday, there lived in a taro patch of south Kona two beautiful taro plants who loved each other dearly. One day the chief said, "Gather those two plants for the feast tomorrow." The

lovers trembled and moved to another place in the patch.

The next day the chief saw the same plants in his patch and again he ordered them for a feast. Again the lovers fled and escaped death. This happened again and again, and angered the chief. Finally they took wing and fled from one taro patch to another. All Kona, all Hawaii, sympathized with the taro plants.

At last they flew to King Kamehameha who stood beside his taro patch. Behind the flying plants came the angry chief. Kamehameha caught the tired lovers in his hands, and stooping, he planted them as tenderly as a mother putting her own sick child to bed.

The chief grovelled in shame before the king.

Kamehameha rose. "Stand up, my chiefling, and receive my thanks for your gift of the flying taro. I am honored by so brave a gift. When I am weary of the trials the gods have sent, I shall come and rest my eyes on these brave plants and fill my soul with courage."

In the taro patch of the king, the lovers lived to old age surrounded by their children, and their children's children.

The Battle of the Owls

One day when Kapoi was returning with some grass for thatching his house he found some owl eggs and he took them home and was about to roast them in his earth-oven when he heard a voice say, "Kapoi, give me my eggs."

He looked up and saw an owl perched on his fence. "How many eggs did you have?" he asked.

"Seven," replied the owl.

"I need these eggs for food," said Kapoi.

"Have pity, and give me my eggs," cried the owl.

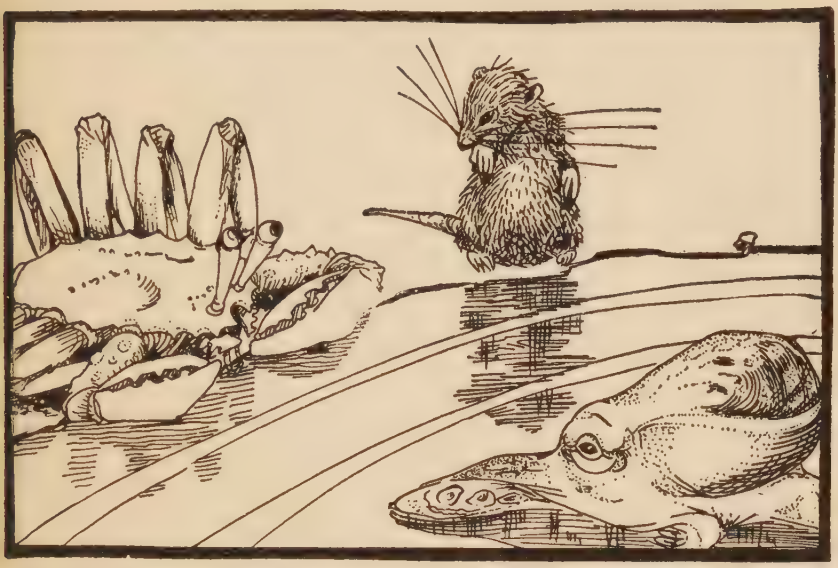
Kapoi gave her the eggs though he went hungry to his mats.

Not long after that Kapoi was sentenced to die. When the owl heard of it she flew over the islands calling all the owls to battle. As the warriors of the king brought Kapoi out to kill him the sky became dark. The warriors looked up and the sky was covered with the outspread wings of owls. The owls descended upon the warriors and they pecked and scratched them. The warriors fought bravely but the owls won the battle.

The king said, "Let Kapoi go free. The owl of Kapoi is a strong god."

The Ungrateful Rat

The snipe, the crab, and the rat decided they would like to see the world so they built a canoe. The snipe pulled the first paddle, the crab the



The crab, the rat and the octopus.

second, and the rat steered. Soon a squall came up and they talked over what they would do if the canoe upset. The snipe said, "If the canoe upsets, I shall fly to shore." The crab said, "If the canoe upsets, I shall float to the bottom of the ocean and crawl back." The rat said, "If the canoe sinks, I shall swim."

The canoe upset and the snipe flew to shore,

the crab floated to the ocean bottom, and the rat swam. Soon the rat became so tired that he begged an octopus to help him. The kind octopus took the rat on his back and swam toward the shore. The octopus said, "You are so heavy you hurt my back."

The rat said, "I am heavy because I swallowed so much salt water before you so kindly came to my aid. Do bear my weight a little longer for we shall soon be on shore."

The kind octopus swam on and when he reached shore, the rat ran away without even thanking him. Soon the octopus discovered that the rat had been gnawing his back and he called the owls to avenge him. When the owls saw the wound of the octopus, they called an army of owls and they flew over the island in search of that rat. They found him sneaking into an empty log and they pulled him out and killed the ungrateful creature.

Even today you will hear the people of Samoa say, "Do not return evil for good, like the rat did to the octopus. If you do, evil will surely overtake you."

The Borrowed Wings

Long ago the rat had wings and he could fly over the tree tops like a bird. The bat, who had no wings, was very envious of the flying rat and he used to stay awake nights wondering how he could get the rat's wings away from him. He could not steal them for the careful rat always folded his wings neatly and used them for a pillow, and as soon as he woke he put them on and flew away.

One day the bat said to the rat, "You seem to enjoy your wings very much. Let me try them on and see if I like to fly as well as you do."

The unsuspecting rat took off his wings and helped the bat into them. "You will be very careful with them, won't you?" he cautioned.

"I'll be as careful as if they were my own," replied the bat as he fluttered to a high shrub. He spread his borrowed wings and flew so far away the rat was never able to find him.

To this day the bat still wears his borrowed wings and the poor rat has to live on the ground and hide from his enemies just as a mouse does.

The Sandfly and the Mosquito

Once a sandfly said to a mosquito, "Let us go and drink man's blood." The mosquito wanted to wait until dark for fear they would be slain by man. The sandfly would not wait. He gathered an army of sandflies and assailed the tattooed face of man. Man put up a great hand and killed a multitude of them. The sandfly and a few of his army escaped. He returned and told the mosquito of his great loss.

The mosquito chanted:

"I said, I said,
Remain, remain,
Lest slain ye be
By slapping hand of man.
Alas! Alas! Behold your fate!"

The sandfly wept and sang in answer:

"What matters death,
What matters death?
Now that his blood,
Now that his blood,
Is welling forth?"

And even to this day the sandfly does not care if he dies, if only he can make man's blood flow.

The Boy Who Invented Sails

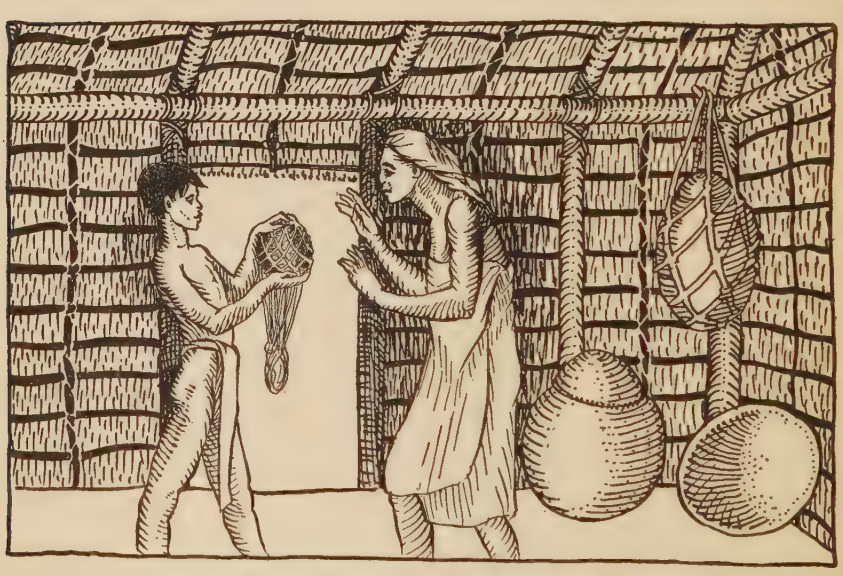
Paakaa lived on Kauai with his mother who was very poor. He longed to go to Hawaii to visit his father, whom he had never seen. While he was yet a boy he learned to swim, to surf, to fish, to hew out a canoe, and all the arts of a Hawaiian man, so that when he was older he could go and find his father.

He wondered how he could handle a canoe alone out in the deep water. He thought of this all day and dreamed of it at night. At last an idea came to him. He found two poles twice as high as he was and brought them home. He gathered the long leaves from the hala tree and wove them into a square mat. He fastened the mats to the poles and put them in his uncle's canoe. His uncle laughed when he saw Paakaa paddling out to the deep water with the strange bundle in his canoe, but he did not laugh when Paakaa, hoisting the poles and mat, came gliding in to shore ahead of the canoes of the men.

This was the first sail made, and you may be sure that a boy like Paakaa found his father, fame, and fortune.

The Calabash of Winds

When Paakaa, the boy who invented sails, told his mother the king of Kauai would let him go to Hawaii with him as a servant, his mother said, "Go, son, and find your father. He will be with the king of Hawaii in the valley of Waipio. Tell your father who you are and he will raise you to a place of honor."



"Paakaa's mother gave him a calabash in a net."

Paakaa's mother gave him a polished calabash in a net and said, "Your grandmother controlled the winds. When she was about to die she put

the winds in this calabash and told me to keep it for you. I will teach you the names of the winds and the songs and chants that control them. If the king's ship is becalmed you can call any wind you wish."

With the calabash of winds to aid him, Paakaa, after many adventures, found his father; and he became so great he was called "The Backbone of the King."

'Rata's Canoe

Once a white heron was fishing on a coral reef when she chanced to step upon the head of a snake that lives in the sea. The heron begged the snake's pardon and flew away. The snake was very angry and watched the flight of the heron and saw her light upon a hala tree. The snake swam up the mountain stream to the tree where the heron slept. Twisting his tail around a branch of the tree, the snake struck at the heron. They fought all night.

When morning came Rata, who was in search of two trees for his canoe, passed the tree. "Rata, kill the evil snake!" cried the heron.

"Leave us alone. It is a fair fight," said the snake.

Thinking he had no right to interfere, Rata went his way. He heard the heron cry reproach-

fully, "You will not finish your canoe without me."

Rata found two good trees and felled them. He went home expecting to return the next day and trim and shape the logs. While he slept, the many birds of the forest gathered up the chips, put them back into their proper places, and by their magic they re-erected the trees. The next morning Rata was surprised to see his trees standing as if they had never been touched by an axe. He cut the trees again. As he went into the forest the third morning he passed the tree where the heron and the snake were still fighting. He walked on to where his trees were and again they had been re-erected. At last Rata understood what the heron meant. He returned, killed the snake, and freed the poor heron who was almost dead.

All day the grateful heron watched Rata as he felled his trees for the third time. When Rata went home the heron flew over the forest and over the ocean calling, "Come and make a canoe for Rata! For Rata! For Rata!" The birds came by the thousand and in no time at all they hollowed out the logs with their beaks. The sea birds with their long beaks bored holes for the lashings; the land birds knotted and tied them. At dawn the birds had finished the canoe and they took hold of it with their beaks, spread their wings, and flew

with it to Rata's home by the sea. And with this canoe Rata became a famous man in the islands of the Pacific.

The Saucy Fairy

Rangi's father wished him to live in Spirit Land with him, but Rangi longed to live on earth. With the aid of his two brothers he fished up an island from Mist Land and lived there. He was very lonely and explored the island to see if there was any other being on it.

He travelled over the island calling, "Hallo! Hallo!" No answer came.

One day as he passed a beautiful cave, a voice replied, "Hallo! Hallo!"

Rangi was delighted and he cried, "What is your name?"

"What is *your* name?" came a defiant voice.

Rangi was angry and he shouted, "Whence do you come?"

"Whence do *you* come?" was the mocking answer.

Rangi was so angry that anyone should dare to mock him that he cursed loudly, only to hear himself cursed in the same words and tones. He leaped from rock to rock and ran into the cave to punish the person who dared to jeer at him. The cave grew narrower. He looked up and saw that

he was in what appeared to be the dripping mouth of a shark. He stepped back in his fright and glancing up he saw a fairy laughing at him.

"Who are you?" Rangi asked.

"I am Echo, the cave-speaking fairy," she replied. And she and Rangi became friends. He found she was a gentle fairy whose only fault was that she often spoke insolently to strangers.

The Sacred Fowls

Once two young gods came down from heaven to fish. As they were returning with loaded baskets two fowls jumped up and tried to peck at their fish. The lads killed the fowls and carried them to heaven.

Now the fowls belonged to Lu, a god who lived on earth. When the sun rose Lu looked for his fowls but he could not find them. The cobwebs of early morning were unbroken so Lu was sure that no one on earth had stolen them. He remembered seeing two young gods fishing the day before and he suspected them. He seized his fly-flap, climbed a high mountain, and leaped into the first heaven. He smelled roast fowl and, following the scent, soon came upon the two lads eating his fowls. "You have stolen sa moa, my sacred fowls!" he cried.

The young gods pointed to each other and exclaimed, "It was not I, but you!"

Lu struck them with his fly-flap and the lads fled. Lu pursued them through the heavens, to the entrance of Tenth Heaven. The Great God of Silent Places stood before them. "Do you not know that this is the place of rest? There must be no fighting here."

Lu looked about him. Tenth Heaven was quiet, and clean, and beautiful. There was not a war club to be seen. "Nevertheless, those lads stole my sacred fowls and ate them," Lu replied.

The Great God spoke. "They did wrong. But in Tenth Heaven all wrongs are left behind. Let your anger vanish. Forgive these men and I will give you my daughter for your wife and you shall be called 'King of Heaven'."

"Let it be according to the law of Tenth Heaven," Lu replied.

Lu married the daughter of the Great God and when he and his wife were about to return to earth, the Great God said, "Name your islands Sa Moa in honor of the sacred fowls, and call your children Samoans."

The Inseparables

Boy and Girl Inseparable were twins who loved each other dearly. But they had a mother who scolded from morning until night. One night as they lay on their grass mats and wept because they

"Their tears made a dotted trail behind them."

had been spanked for nothing at all and sent to bed hungry, they heard their mother say to their father, "Come, let us have a feast of fish. No, you shall not wake those children. They shall eat cold fish in the morning."

The twins wept as they smelled the fish cook-

ing and hunger gnawed at their stomachs. Girl Inseparable said, "Let us flee away forever."

As they stole into the moonlight their tears made a dotted trail across the slanting shadows of the coconut grove and along the rock wall of the mullet pond. They climbed the cliff that stood close to the sky and their tears fell into twin basins in the rocks. Girl Inseparable gazed into her tear-pool and saw the young moon reflected there. "Let us become stars," she said. She took hold of Boy Inseparable's girdle and together they leaped into the sky.

When the parents finished their feast they found the tear-wet pillows of the twins. They searched for them and at last found a path of tear-drops which wound through the cocopalms, past the mullet pond, and up the trail to the cliffs. The father gazed into the tearpools and saw reflected two small stars. "There are our Inseparables!" cried he, pointing to the sky.

The parents wept and wailed and begged the children to return. The mother wiped her tears with her long black hair and said, "If they will not return, we too shall become stars." And they leaped to a place in the sky.

To this day some of the children of the Pacific sing of the Inseparables in sorrowful little voices that make your heart ache. They point out the

small twin stars of Scorpio. The two larger stars of Scorpio are the parents who have never been able to overtake their children.

The Love of Heipua

Tinihau, a god, fell in love with Heipua, Flower Wreath, a beautiful mortal maid guarded by a sea monster. And Heipua loved Tinihau so much that she married him and lived only for the times when his heavenly duties allowed him to be with her.

At last Tinihau sorrowfully bade his beautiful wife farewell and told her he could not return to earth again. Heipua was heartbroken and soon after her husband's farewell, she died of grief. Her body was placed upon a bed of flowers but her spirit sought Tinihau. At the entrance of spirit world she was told that if she overcame the dangers and temptations ahead of her she would find her husband.

After many trials she came to the portals of the dwellings of the gods and learned that Hina, the Queen of Heaven, also loved Tinihau and hoped to win him from her. Heipua was told how she might outwit Hina and take her husband back to earth.

Heipua hid in a cluster of flowers and when Tinihau passed she leaped upon his shoulders and,

holding his face downward so he could not be drawn back by the winds, they returned to earth.

When Heipua awoke on her bed of flowers, there beside her lay her loved husband, Tinihau. Her love had prevailed against Death and the Gods.

The Deceitful Maidens

When Ruru and his brothers heard of the great beauty of Roa, a maiden in a distant village, each of them resolved to win her for his wife. They prepared their canoes and set out on the long journey. When they arrived at the beach near the village where Roa lived they were taken to the men's assembly house and a feast was given for them. As the sun set the oldest brother said, "Ruru, since you are the youngest, you must go back and guard the canoes."

Ruru returned to the beach while his brothers met the people of the village. In a few days each took a wife after being secretly told by the maiden that she was Roa. While the brothers spent their time with their wives, Ruru sometimes left the canoes and searched for Roa. One day he saw a maiden whose beauty drove all words from him. He stood and gazed at her with eyes flaming like the noonday sun. The maiden was none other than Roa, and she spoke kindly to him. The next

day and the next he returned to gaze speechless upon her beauty. At last Roa felt sorry for him and told him she loved him as much as he loved her.

When the brothers were ready to return home with their wives Ruru hid Roa in the cabin of his canoe and they sailed away without the brothers seeing her. As the canoes landed at their own beach the parents gave chants of welcome and wept over their sons and their wives. The father said, "Ruru, your brothers returned with wives but you have none."

"Will you look in the cabin of my canoe?" Ruru asked.

The father opened the door of the cabin and the wife of Ruru stepped out. The mother cried, "This is Roa! You all left home to win her, but Ruru had brought her back!"

The brothers looked at the wife of their youngest brother and they knew she was the real Roa and that their wives had deceived them.

Eleio the Fleet

Eleio, the messenger of the king, was as fleet as the wind. He could run around the island of Maui three times in a day. When the king at Lahaina wanted fish, he would tell Eleio and he would run the forty miles to Hana and be back before the king sat down to eat.

One day when Eleio was speeding on his way to Hana, he saw the spirit of a beautiful chiefess. He caught her spirit and put it back into her body, thinking she would make a fit queen for his king. The chiefess was so grateful to be restored to life that she gave Eleio a feather cloak, the first ever seen on Maui.

When Eleio did not return with the fish the hungry king glared in the direction of Hana and said, "Prepare a long oven for that messenger of mine. We'll bake a different kind of fish today."

At last Eleio came. He saw the anger of the king and the long oven prepared for him. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled to the feet of the king. "I was delayed, O King, because I wished to return with two gifts for you. Here is one. The other comes walking from Hana."

The king looked up and from the direction of

Hana came a chiefess who was so lovely that her beauty formed a rainbow over her.

Eleio was forgiven for he had brought the king the first feather cape ever seen on Maui, and the most beautiful chiefess ever seen in Hawaii Nei. The chiefess became the wife of the king and Eleio was raised to a high place in the kingdom.

The Siamese Twins

Once there were twin gods who were fastened back to back. As they were swimming in the ocean on a night that was bright with the soft light of the moon, one of them said to the other, "I can hear your voice, but I wish I could see your face."

The words were no sooner spoken than a wave struck them and they were cut apart; and from that day they could look into each other's faces.

The Origin of Tapa

Maikoha lived in Nuuanu Valley, Honolulu. He was often sorrowful because the Hawaiians who lived in the mountains suffered from the lack of clothes and bedding. When he was about to die he said to his daughters, "Bury me beside this stream. From my body will grow a tree. The inner bark will make clothes and bedding for our people."

From the grave of Maikoha grew a small spreading tree, the first of its kind ever seen in Hawaii. His daughter cut a branch of the tree, pounded the inner bark, and made the first tapa, or barkcloth, of the Hawaiians. The branches took root wherever they fell or were washed by the stream. Soon all of Hawaii was blessed with the gift of the wauke tree, and Maikoha became the god of the tapa makers.

The Origin of the Moon

Once an earth woman longed to see the land where the spirits dwell, and she climbed down the roots of the tree which guards the entrance to Spirit World. At a distance she saw three old women with gray heads bowed over three sticks of burning wood. As it was a spiritual fire, the earth woman longed to get some of it.

She hid, and when the old women turned away for a moment the earth woman snatched a burning stick and ran with it. The old women followed and caught her. The earth woman fought the three old women but they were too strong for her. When she was about to be overcome she threw the burning stick into the sky with all her might, and it became the moon.

Kura the Ogress

Hatu's brothers were cruel to him. They were so greedy they would not allow him food to eat. One day when the brothers were away hunting Hatu took some birds from the storehouse and cooked and ate them. When the brothers returned they beat Hatu until he was almost dead. At last he got to his hands and knees, took his spear, and crawled into the woods.

He speared what he thought was a bird. It tore loose from his spear and Hatu saw it was an ogress with bat wings and an old woman's head. She pursed her lips like a spear and swooped down on Hatu like a shooting star. She ran her spear

"It was an ogress with bat wings."

lips through his topknot and flew home with him. She put him in a cave with her animals and birds, and Hatu feared that he too would be eaten.

One day when the ogress was away hunting, Hatu dug his way out of the cave. He freed her captive birds and animals, and, taking her cloaks of red feathers, dogskin and flax, and her two-handed sword, he fled. One of the birds flew to Kura and told her what had happened. The

ogress shrieked with rage and cried,

"Step out, stretch along!
Step out, stretch along!
There you are, Hatu, not far away!"

With long strides she stepped from mountain range to mountain range.

Hatu saw her swooping down on him and he cried, "Rock, rock, open for me!" A large rock opened and closed on him. He peered out and not seeing the ogress, he again started toward home. She was watching from a mountain peak and she flew toward him. Again a rock opened and saved him. This happened many times. When darkness came he was very near home. He stole out of his rock and ran across a warm path between two boiling lakes. Kura saw him and darted down at him. She missed Hatu and met an awful death in the boiling water.

Hatu's brothers heard the dying cries of the ogress and when they saw Hatu standing near her with a two-handed sword in his hand they feared him. After that the cruel brothers allowed Hatu to dwell at home in peace.

The Deadly Moss

It seemed to the people of Maui that Kauka was always working in his taro patch. As they passed his home on the way to the ocean they used to call, "You'd better come surfing, Kauka."

Kauka would growl back, "Be careful or you will lose head or tail."

The people laughed for they thought Kauka was crazy. That night the man who called to Kauka was missing and could not be found. Again and again this happened. And always the man who was missing was the man who called to Kauka. The people were filled with fear and they went to a wise man for advice. He told them to call together all the men of the district. When the men assembled, the wise man said, "Let every man take off his clothing."

Every man obeyed except Kauka. The men tore Kauka's short cape from his shoulders, and under it was a second cape. They tore it off and there between Kauka's shoulders they saw the fearful mouth of a shark.

"There is the shark, the shark who has been eating our men," cried the wise man. "Kill and burn him."

They killed Kauka and burned his body. They gathered up all the ashes and scattered them along

the ocean shore. But that was not the last of Kauka, the shark man, for from his ashes sprang a deadly moss called *limu make.*

The Fool Family

Once a woman fool lived on the western side of an island. She heard that a man fool lived on the eastern side and she went to see him. She found him digging in his garden of yams. She sat down at the corner of the garden and called, "Man Fool, come here!"

Man Fool left his garden and went to talk with her. He invited her to his house to eat with him, and later he married her.

When their child was born it was called "Child Fool." He was such a bad boy that he gave his parents no peace. He annoyed the people and angered the chiefs. Finally Man Fool and Woman Fool said, "Child Fool, you give us no peace. You annoy the people. You anger the chiefs. We can bear your actions no longer. Go into the sky and stand there where we can watch you."

Child Fool went into the sky and stood, and he became the Evening Star.

Origin of Stilts

Once a chief wished to punish a priest who had caused his favorite dog to be eaten. The chief decided to steal into the temple and eat fruit from a sacred tree.

Fearing that his footsteps would betray him, the chief cut two long poles and made footrests on

"He mounted his false feet."

them. Then he mounted his false feet, stole into the temple and took fruit from the sacred tree. Thus was the wicked priest punished, and thus were the first stilts made.

Origin of the Coconut Tree

Lovely Ina lived in the shadow of a great cliff. A slow stream, the home of many eels, wound past her home and disappeared into the rocks. One evening as Ina was bathing in the stream she was startled by the touch of an eel. This happened many times and at last she became accustomed to it. One day she looked closely at the eel and it changed into a handsome man. He said, "I am Tuna, God of Fresh-water Eels. I have taken human form for your sake."

Ina loved Tuna and they dwelt happily together.

One day he said to her, "Ina, I must go away, but I shall leave you a remembrance of our happiness. Tomorrow a rain will come and flood the valley. I shall float upon the waters to your threshold and lay my head upon it. Cut off my head, bury it, and visit the grave daily. From it will spring my gift."

She begged him not to leave her and not to ask her to kill him, but he told her sorrowfully that his death alone would save her and the people of the valley.

In the night the rain started and by morning the waters rose to the threshold of Ina's home. Upon the flood tide floated the eel, who laid his

head upon her doorsill. Ina wept over him but his eyes were so reproachful that at last she took the axe and severed his head. The rain ceased, the flood went down, and Ina knew that her lover had died for her and for her people. With loud wails she carried the head to the seashore and buried it.

Daily she visited the spot and in a little while twin shoots grew from the two halves of the Eel God's brain. In time these became two great coconut trees. To this day when you husk a coconut you will find the two eyes and mouth of Tuna, the Eel God who loved Ina.

The Man-eating Bird

Once a great bird built its nest on a mountain overlooking a village. It swooped down over the village and carried off a child. The next day it carried off a man. Again and again this happened and the people were so terror-stricken that they could think of no way to rid themselves of the bird.

When Hautere came to visit in the village he offered to kill the bird if the men would obey him. They readily agreed, and followed him into the forest where at his command they cut down many saplings. At night fifty of them carried the saplings to a pool and formed them into a network over the water. The men hid themselves and their spears under the network.

As soon as morning dawned, Hautere crept out of hiding to lure the bird of prey. Soon it spied him and swooped down. He ran for his life and reached the network just as the bird pounced upon him. Hautere slid through the branches into the water but the bird's legs were entangled in the saplings. The fifty men drew their spears and fell upon the monster, who scratched them with his claws, beat them with his wings, and tore them with his beak. But the men fought bravely and at last they killed the fearsome bird.

The Origin of Kawa

Once the king came to visit one of the islands of Tonga. Famine was in the land and there was no food to give him. A chiefess had her own child killed and baked in the earth oven for the king.

When the food was placed before him, the king asked, "What is it?"

The king's foodbearer answered, "The chiefess was unable to get food for you so she sent her best."

"I am not a man-eater," the king said. "Take the child and give it a chief's burial."

The next morning the king told his foodbearer to look at the child's grave and return and tell him what he saw. The foodbearer returned and said, "A plant is growing from the grave."

"Tell the people to tend the plant carefully," said the king. "According to the way they treat it, it will be a blessing or a curse."

It grew and became the first kava plant. From its root the people learned to make a drink. If they drink a little of it, it rests them. If they drink too much of it, they become bloated and covered with white blotches.

How Nonu was Saved

Once Nonu and a king disputed about the age of the moon. Nonu said it could be seen in the morning. The king said it could not. At last

"The god said, 'Nonu, you are wrong.'"

Nonu said, "I'll wager my life the moon can be seen in the morning."

During the night the god of Nonu appeared to him, and said, "Nonu, you are wrong. The moon is not seen in the morning. However, to save your life I will go into the sky and make the king believe I am the moon."

When morning came the king was astonished to see the moon in the sky and he said to Nonu, "You were right. The moon can be seen in the morning."

Thus was the life of Nonu saved.

The Wicked Handmaiden

The beauty of Huri was known all over the islands and chiefs from far and near set sail to win her. None of them was ever seen again, for her guardian shark or other monsters of the ocean devoured them. Pua, a Tahitian chiefess, said to her four brothers, "Go to the home of Huri and bring her here that she may become the wife of the one of you who is most worthy."

The four brothers built a double canoe with four thatched houses on it, and set sail.

One day lovely Huri was sitting in front of her home with her handmaiden when in a vision she saw four handsome chiefs approaching the island. She said to her handmaiden, "I will go

and garland myself in honor of the four chiefs who are coming. When a sail appears on the horizon, call me."

The handmaiden was filled with envy and she decided that she would pretend to be Huri. She bathed in Huri's pool, anointed herself with the sweet oil of Huri, put on her feather wreath and scented tapa, and sat upon the royal mat.

The canoe landed and the brothers approached the handmaiden and spread gifts before her. They told her their parents longed to have her dwell in their home.

"I will gladly return with you," replied the handmaiden, "but we must make haste or my guardian spirits will not allow me to leave the land."

The strongest brother lifted her to his shoulder and carried her to the canoe as if she were a high chiefess, and they sailed away.

The real chiefess, Huri, tired of gathering flowers and making garlands, came out of the woods. She saw the canoe sailing away. She ran to her house. Her treasures and her handmaiden were gone, and Huri knew what had happened. Her guardian spirits told her to get upon her surfboard, and with their aid she went out to sea more rapidly than the canoe of the four brothers.

As day dawned the brothers were amazed to see ahead of them a maiden on a surfboard. Her

beauty was so great that it made that of the girl in the canoe seem common. In a voice sweet as a gardenia Huri said to the oldest chief, "Take me into the canoe."

"Do not let her touch the canoe, she is an evil spirit," cried the handmaiden, and the first brother pushed Huri away with a pole.

Huri spoke to the second brother, "Take me into the canoe." Again the wicked handmaiden called out and Huri was shoved away. The poor maiden appealed to the third brother with the same result. She turned to the youngest brother and he was filled with pity and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Huri, the chiefess. The woman you have in your canoe is my servant."

In spite of the cries from the false chiefess, the fourth brother helped Huri into the canoe. He led her into his deck house and gave her dry tapas to put on. When he went to get food and water for the cold and hungry girl, the handmaiden said, "Do not give her food or water. She is a spirit." The older brothers tried to prevent him from giving her food and drink, but he gave her his portion.

The sea became calm in honor of the chiefess. The brothers asked the handmaiden to cause the winds to blow, but she failed for she had no magic powers.

"I will call my chiefess," said the youngest

brother and he called her and she caused the northeast tradewind, the royal wind of her land, to blow.

The handmaiden cried, "Now you know that she is a demon from the deep for she has stolen my royal breeze. Kill her or she will destroy us."

The older brothers were about to slay Huri but she begged them to wait and cast her into the water where the ocean currents met. The brothers felt sure from this request that she was a demon. When they came to the place where the currents met the older brothers laid hands on her and the kind young brother could do nothing to save her. She cried,

> "O tiger fish, O black fish,
> Let me go to my guardian,
> My guardian with the great mouth."

The wind died down. A shark with a tiger fish on one side and a black fish on the other swam toward the canoe. As Huri was thrown into the water, the shark opened his mouth, received her, and kept her alive.

When the brothers arrived in Tahiti, Pua, the sister, doubted that the handmaiden was the chiefess for she had neither the sweet odor nor the manners of a chiefess. The fourth brother told his sister of the lovely maid who had been so cruelly treated, and she said, "She must be Huri. Let us go and find her."

The brother and sister set sail, taking with them the mat of Huri and her gourd of sweet oil. When they were far beyond the torn-up sea, the young brother poured the sweet oil upon the smooth water. Soon the shark appeared with the tiger fish on one side of him and the black fish on the other. The brother spread the mat upon the ocean and put gifts upon it. "Guardian shark of my love wreath, I have come for Huri, whom I long to have for my bride," he said.

The shark opened his mouth and placed the lovely Huri upon the mat. Her lover's strong arms lifted her into the canoe and they returned to Tahiti.

When the mother of the four chiefs saw Huri, she cried out, "This is Huri, whose beauty excels all others. Let us send for her parents and celebrate her marriage to our youngest son."

The handmaiden crept away from the home of the chiefs. She was so overcome that she died of shame, and they buried her under the heavy shade of an ironwood tree.

Maui the Baby

The assembly house was filled with sounds of dancing. The proud mothers went to call their children to stand up in the dance. One mother called, "Come, Maui the First, Maui the Second, Maui the Third, Maui the Fourth, and join in the dance."

When the children stood up the mother was surprised to see another smaller child with them. "Who are you?" she cried.

"I am your child too," he answered.

"You are not. I have only four children." The child insisted and the mother grew angry and cried, "Leave this house at once. You are not my child."

"I thought I was your child. I thought I was Maui the Baby, for you wrapped me in a long tress of your hair and threw me into the sea. The jellyfish enfolded me and carried me to the god of ocean who took care of me until I am now Maui the Boy."

"You are Maui of the topknot! Maui the baby whom I wrapped in my hair! I thought you were born without life and I put you in the ocean. My poor child!" She rubbed her nose tenderly against his and took him in her arms.

Maui's brothers were not pleased to have an unknown child become the pet of their mother

and they called him "trash of the sea" and "little rogue." But Maui had learned many things from the god of ocean, and when he showed them how to make better fishhooks and eel traps than any they had ever seen, they began to like him a little better.

The Christening of Maui

After Maui the Baby returned to his mother she took him home and put him in her bed. In the morning when he woke his mother was gone. "Has our mother gone to prepare food for us?" he asked his brothers.

"Not she!" answered Maui the First. "She lets us find our own food. Mother Earth has to feed us."

"Where has she gone?" Maui asked.

"We do not know," answered his brother. "She leaves before sunrise and returns after sunset."

Maui was hurt to think that his mother would leave him and he decided that he would find out where she went. One night while she slept Maui filled all the crevices of the house so no light could enter and wake his mother. At last the heat of the sun woke her and she sprang up and opened the door. The sun was overhead and she cried out, "How could my children treat me so!" And she hurried away weeping.

Maui crept after his mother and saw her lift some rushes and disappear into the earth. He followed, lifted the rushes and peeped into the cave. He transformed himself into a pigeon and flew after her. Under a tree he saw his mother sitting beside a man. "That must be my father," he said, and pecked off a berry and dropped it on his father's forehead. His father paid no attention to it and Maui, in his pigeon form, hurled down berries with great force. At last his father was hurt and he cast stones at the pigeon. When a stone hit him Maui fluttered down to his father's feet and changed into Maui with fierce red eyes.

"It is Maui the Baby!" cried his mother. The father greeted him and baptized him to make him sacred. But his father forgot part of the prayer and he cried out, "Alas! Alas! I forgot one part of the prayer and Death will conquer you!"

Maui shrugged his shoulders. "I shall be conquered by that old woman called Death? Indeed I shall not! I shall conquer her!"

The Boastful Stranger

Once a stranger came to the island where Maui lived and boasted of the beauties of his country. Maui called out something the stranger could not understand and from the tree above their heads there came a burst of song.

The stranger looked all around but he could see no one. "Is it the music of the gods?" he cried.

"Have you anything so beautiful in your country?" Maui asked.

The stranger lowered his head and plucked the grass in shame.

Maui said a long prayer to the Great God of Silent Places and asked that the little singers might be made visible to man. Suddenly the eyes of the boastful stranger widened, for the tree was filled with little feathered creatures who were as brightly colored as flowers. "What are they?" he cried.

"They are my friends, the little birds," said Maui. "Men have always been able to hear their song but you are the first man who has been able to see them. The Great God of Silent Places heard my prayer and from this day on, birds shall be visible to man."

Again the stranger lowered his head and plucked the grass in shame. And he never boasted again.

Maui the Mischievous

Maui did many things for mankind. He snared the sun and made it go more slowly across the sky. He learned the secret of how to make fire and taught it to men. He fished up islands for men to live on. But, alas, Maui was not always good.

He had a brother-in-law who was so homely he was called "Eight Warts." One day when the two men were fishing, Eight Warts, who was a greedy fellow, devoured the bait when Maui was not looking. Maui was so angry he cried, "Only a dog would eat fish bait. I will punish you for this!"

Maui said a few magic words and Eight Warts fell asleep. Maui moulded his face into a dog's face and stretched out his ears. He shaped the arms and legs like a dog's and pulled his backbone into a tail. By this time the canoe had drifted to shore and Maui woke Eight Warts. The poor man looked down at himself and ran howling into the woods. Maui looked after him and shook the sky with his mighty laughter.

When Maui came home alone, his sister asked,

"Where is my husband? What have you done to him?"

"Call 'Moi-moi' as if you were calling a dog and perhaps he will answer," replied Maui, with a great laugh.

"Moi-moi, moi-moi!" called the wife and a dog came bounding to her. Maui's sister turned upon him. "You wicked, wicked Maui! You have turned my husband into a dog!" She was so overcome with grief that she went to the ocean and drowned herself.

Maui and the Birds

One day Maui and his friends, the little birds, were cooking their dinner in the forests of Maori Land. They were a long way from water and Maui was very thirsty. He turned to the saddle-back and asked, "Will you get me a drink?"

The saddle-back refused and he made a great noise about it. Maui shook him and cried, "Chatter, chatter, chatter, and refuse, will you? From this day on, all saddle-backs shall be chatterers."

Maui turned to the stitch-bird. "Will you get me a drink?"

The stitch-bird refused and Maui angrily tossed him through the fire and some of his feathers became the color of yellow flame.

Maui called the small robin. "Will you get me a drink?"

"I will! I will!" chirped the robin and flew away. When he returned Maui sprinkled water over the robin's bill and the feathers it touched turned white.

"I am still thirsty," Maui said. "Swamp-hen, will you get me another drink?"

"I will bring you two earfuls," said the swamp-hen and she flew away. She returned and emptied her ears into Maui's hand. Maui petted her and pulled her legs out long. "Now you can wade

into the marshes and get food without difficulty," Maui said.

Thus Maui punished the unkind birds and rewarded the kind ones. And from that day to this the saddle-back is a chatterer; the stitch-bird has some feathers the color of flame; the robin has beautiful white feathers over his bill; and the swamp-hen has long legs.

The Stingy Mudhens

Long ago only the mudhens knew how to kindle fire and you may be sure they guarded their secret well. Now Maui had five brothers and every day when the brothers paddled out to the far ocean to fish, the mudhens made fire and cooked their food. The six Mauis saw the smoke but no matter how rapidly they paddled back to shore the fire was out and they could not discover who the firemakers were.

Young Maui said, "Tomorrow I shall stay behind and discover the secret of fire so that man may cook his food. I shall put a bundle of tapa in the canoe and the firemakers will think it is I."

As the canoe paddled away the next morning, Maui from his hiding place in the shrubs was surprised to hear the mudhens chant:

"One Maui, two Maui, three Maui,
Four Maui, five Maui, six Maui!
Now we can kindle fire!
Now we can cook!"

He watched the birds rub a piece of wood into a groove of a larger piece. "Tell me your secret, stingy bird!" Maui cried, seizing one of them. "I saw you kindle fire. What wood do you use?"

Three times the mudhen deceived Maui by telling him the wrong woods, and three times Maui threatened to kill him. The fourth time, the mudhen told the truth, but by this time Maui was so angry at the mudhen that he ran a lighted stick across the bird's head. And to this day the mudhen has a red streak on his head from the scorching Maui gave him.

How Maui Snared the Sun

Maui and his mother, Hina, lived on Maui, one of the Hawaiian islands. The sun went so rapidly across the sky that Hina could not dry her tapa which she made by pounding the inner bark of plants. "How can I make clothes for you if the sun will not dry my tapa?" she complained.

"I will make him go more slowly," said Maui.

His mother shook her head. "The sun is a mighty creature who will obey no man. He has always raced across the sky and he always will."

Maui was not discouraged. He gathered coconut husks and wove fifteen ropes. He made the sixteenth of the hair of his sister. With these in his arms he climbed Mt. Haleakala and set snares for the sun. As the first leg of the sun appeared, Maui threw a noose over it. As the other legs appeared he noosed them. He saved the hair noose for the strong sixteenth leg. Then he gathered up the ropes that controlled the nooses and made them fast to a wiliwili tree.

The sun struggled mightily and broke all the ropes except the one made of hair. Maui shouted, "You cannot escape. I am Maui, great Maui, Maui of the topknot!"

"Let me go! Let me go!" begged the sun.

"You shall not escape, you thoughtless crea-

ture! Why did you not go more slowly across the sky and give my mother time to dry her tapa?"

The sun moaned, "I am dying! I am dying! If I die how can she dry them?"

"I will let you go if you promise to travel more slowly."

"I promise," said the sun. "Only take away this painful rope."

Maui removed the hair rope but the fiber ropes he left hanging. They are called sunbeams. From that day to this the sun has gone more slowly across the sky, and women have time to make and dry their children's clothes.

Why the Hawaiian Islands Are in a Row

Maui's brothers complained that he was lazy because he liked to lie in the forest or on the beach and dream of great things he would do. And Maui did great things. He snared the sun and made it go more slowly across the sky. He learned the secret of how to make fire from the mudhen. He invented barbed spears and fishhooks. These things seemed like nothing to his fisherman brothers. They thought no one in the world worked so hard as they.

One day Maui decided that he would show his brothers that he was not lazy. He would catch a bigger fish than any they had ever seen. He went to the underworld to his ancestress who was dead on one side of her body and alive on the other, and asked her for a bone to make a magic fishhook. "You may have the jawbone from the dead side of my face," she said. Maui took the bone and made it into a fishhook. He went to his mother and she gave him the wing of a sacred mudhen for bait.

The next morning Maui went fishing with his brothers though they said they did not know what such a lazy fellow could do. When they were far out to sea Maui lowered his magic fishhook and chanted:

"O Island, O great Island, why are you
Sulkily biting, biting below?
Come, child of the deep sea,
And dwell in the light of heaven."

From the blue ocean an island slowly emerged. Maui fastened one of his brother's fishlines to it, and lowered his magic fishhook again. He hauled up another island. He did not rest until he had eight islands lying in a row. He said to his brothers, "Let us draw these islands together and make one great land of them."

Just then a gourd appeared on the water and Maui stooped and picked it up and placed it in the canoe. Out of the gourd stepped Hina of the Sea, whose body from head to foot, was half woman and half fish. "Do not look back or we will fail!" Maui shouted to his brothers.

The brothers did not obey. They looked back and were amazed at the beauty of the mermaid. She dove off the canoe and as she struck the water the fishlines snapped.

And so today the Hawaiian islands lie separated in a row instead of being the great land Maui intended them to be.

The Laugh of the Swamp-rail

One day Maui's father said to him, "You are brave and strong, and it grieves me to think that you will at last be conquered."

"Who can conquer me?" cried Maui.

"Alas, when I christened you I forgot one part of the prayer, so you will at last be conquered by Hine of the Night."

"I shall conquer her," Maui said. "Where is she?"

"Do not go near her, my son! See that fierce flashing at the horizon? That is the fire from her terrible eyes. Her hungry mouth is like a shark's and no man returns who enters it."

"I shall go at once and find out whether men are to die or live forever," said Maui and he called the little birds. To him flew the small robin, the large robin, the thrush, the yellow hammer, the wagtail, and every kind of little bird. They journeyed to the far horizon and found Hine asleep with her shark mouth open.

Maui took off his mats and his tattooed body looked like a mottled mackerel's. He twisted the strings of his weapon about his waist, and turned to the birds and said, "My little friends, do not laugh when you see me crawling head first into the mouth of this old woman. If you do she will

wake and kill me. When I am returning with her heart you may laugh as loud as you please, for then she will be conquered."

"Do take care of yourself, Maui!" cried the birds.

As Maui crept into the body of the old woman, his tattooed legs stuck out of her mouth. Laughter swelled up in the throats of the birds and puffed out their cheeks. The swamp-rail screwed up his face and swallowed and swallowed his laughter. At last he could swallow no more. His beak popped open and his merry laughter burst forth.

The eyelids of Hine flew open and her shark teeth closed down and Maui's beautiful tattooed legs fell to the ground. The little birds flew away in terror. They went into the forests and wept and wept, but all their weeping could not restore Maui to life. Thus the laugh of the swamp-rail was the cause of the death of Maui, who died trying to steal the heart of Death so that men might live forever.

The Angry Moon

Famine was in the land and Sina wept as she sat in the moonlight beating her tapa on the board. Beside her lay her little son, his face tear-stained, for the hungry child had cried himself to sleep. Sina glanced up and saw the moon resting upon a breadfruit tree. It reminded her of the round fruit of the tree and she cried, "Moon, why don't you come down and allow my starving child to eat a bit of you!"

The moon was so angry at the thought of being eaten that he came down, seized Sina, the child, the tapa board and beater, and carried them to the moon, where they live to this day.

When the moon is full the children of Samoa can see upon it the face of Sina and her child, and the tapa board and beater.

The Woman in the Moon

Ina and her lover often walked in the moonlight to a beautiful spring. Little did they dream that Marama, the moon god, was watching them and planning to win Ina as his bride.

One night while the lover was away fishing, Ina went alone to the spring. As she knelt and dipped her calabash in the water, Marama came from the moon and stood beside her, a handsome man. He spoke soft words of love and she stood like one enchanted. At last he said, "Come, Ina, and be the Goddess of the Moon and my own dear

"Marama came from the moon and stood beside her."

wife. Leave your earth-lover, for the days of man are few."

The word lover broke the enchantment and Ina cried, "My lover! Where is my love wreath?" She picked up her calabash and fled. When Marama was about to overtake her she threw her arms around a coconut tree and cried to her lover but he could not hear her. Marama seized her and carried her, the palm tree and the calabash to his home in the skies.

For a time Ina was unhappy but Marama loved her so much that she grew to love him and he became her adored husband. After many years she longed to see her earth-lover and tell him that she was happy. Marama went to earth and brought him to her. The lover rejoiced to see his sweetheart and he begged to be allowed to remain as her servant. Marama consented and Ina showed him all the things Marama had taught her. For many years Ina's earth-lover stayed in moon-land and helped her make tapa from the bark of trees and spread them between earth and sky in what men call clouds. When he grew old he said, "I must leave you, Ina, for death must not come to this fair land."

Ina wept and the tears fell upon a face as fair as when Marama had stolen her from earth. She called the rainbow and it arched from earth to sky, and upon it her old lover returned to earth.

It was from Ina's lover that the children of the bright isles learned of Ina. He pointed out to them the coconut tree in the moon where Ina often sits with her calabash by her side and beats out the clouds of heaven. When Ina unrolls a piece of tapa, it sometimes flashes and causes what men call lightning. Sometimes in fastening down her tapas with rocks, some of them fall and cause a crash, which men call thunder. On clear nights the heaps of leaves for her husband's earth oven can be seen, for though Ina makes the clouds, she never neglects her loved husband, Marama, the God of the Moon.

The Ogre's Plaything

Long ago some of the Maoris of New Zealand moved to South Island and dwelt at the mouth of a river. When food became scarce the men went in parties of ten to hunt in the forest but not one ever returned, and the people were filled with terror. One day a float of reeds drifted down the river and landed on the shore just as the water of the river disappeared. The people were amazed at this strange happening and they ran to the float. Upon it lay a woman of their tribe whom they had long mourned as dead. They wept and wailed over her and took her into the house and washed and fed her.

When she was rested she told them she had joined the men on a hunting trip many months before. In the far forest a shadow darkened the sky. They looked up and saw an ogre striding from mountain top to mountain top. With him were ten two-headed dogs whose baying sounded like thunder. The dogs scented the hunters and the ogre fell upon them and killed all but the woman whom he kept as a plaything. The ogre carried the dead men in one hand and picked up the woman in the other.

The ogre strode across the forest to his lair, which was a large and dirty cave. He had to get

down on his hands and knees to enter it. He placed the woman on a pile of bones and picked up the body of one of the dead men. The poor woman hid her face with horror as he gnawed the flesh from the body as a starving man would eat a cooked pigeon.

The woman longed to escape from the man-eating ogre but she could not. When he went hunting he fastened a rope around her waist and as he strode over the mountains he jerked on it and called, "Food of the dogs, are you there?"

She despaired of ever seeing her people again but one day when the northwest wind blew the ogre slept all day and his dogs went hunting alone. She crept out of the cave dragging the rope behind her. She cut bundles of reeds and hid them. One day when the ogre slept more soundly than usual she fastened the bundles together and made a raft. She untied the rope from her waist and fastened it to a shrub. She got on the raft and was carried rapidly down the river.

The giant woke and jerked on the rope. "Food of the dogs, are you there?" he growled. He felt a pull on the rope but his plaything did not answer. He crawled out of the cave and ran to where the rope was tied. He saw the woman's footprints leading to the river and he threw himself down on the bank and in a few gulps he drank all the water in the river.

Fortunately the woman was already with her friends or she too would have been swallowed.

When the people heard the woman's story they wondered how they could kill the ogre. At last the chief asked, "When does the ogre sleep most soundly?"

"When the northwest wind blows," the woman answered.

When the northwest wind blew again the men went up the river. From a long distance they heard the giant's snores. They crept up to his cave and saw that the ten two-headed dogs were away. The men gathered dry fern, stacked it in front of the mouth of the cave and set fire to it. The ogre shrieked and struggled but he could not escape, and he smothered to death in his lair.

The Origin of the Ocean

Pele is the goddess of volcanoes. She can take the form of a beautiful young woman or a homely old one. The only safe thing to do when in Hawaii is to be kind to all homely old women and beware of all beautiful girls. Many a chief has fallen in love with an Hawaiian maid only to discover that she is Pele. For when the fire goddess is angry she stamps her foot and the earth quakes. She calls thunder, lightning, and rivers of lava and pursues the man who has angered her. The eight islands of Hawaii have all been scorched by her bursts of temper.

This fiery goddess was born in a land that lies at the edge of the sea. She married and was very happy until her husband fled with a woman from the heavens. Now at that time the earth was covered with dry land. There was no sea. There was no fresh water. Pele tried to overtake her runaway husband and when she could not, her father gave her a fleet of canoes with red sails, and her mother gave her the sea. She leaned over the prow of her canoe and poured the sea from her forehead. As the canoes floated forward on the flood of waters, her brothers chanted,

"O the sea, the great sea!
Forth bursts the sea:
Behold, it bursts on Kanaloa!"

As they sailed onward the ocean rose and covered the vast land. At last they saw a rainbow arching over three drowning mountains. Pele raised her head and stood with her back as straight as a precipice and her face as fair as the moon. "That's Hawaii! Hawaii shall be my home!" she cried.

The waters retreated and out of the dark blue sea slowly emerged the eight islands of Hawaii.

The Jealous Wife

When Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, was in search of her husband who had run away with a woman from the heavens, she came to the land where Aukele lived. Aukele was so charmed with the beauty of Pele that he pretended to his wife, Nama, that he went fishing every day, when in truth he was with Pele and her sister, Hiiaka.

At last Nama got tired of hearing the excuses of her husband and she cried, "Say, cunning, do you think I am a fool?" She was so angry she drove Pele toward the Hawaiian islands. Pele sought refuge on the island of Kauai. No sooner had she started her fires than Nama drove her to Oahu. Pele found Oahu too shallow, so she moved to Molokai. On Molokai she struck water and she moved to Haleakala, Maui. She was about to give up her home there because it was too large a place to heat, when the jealous wife spied her glowing fires and came and fought and killed Pele. Pele's spirit escaped to the island of Hawaii where she dug the pit of Kilauea, and there she lives to this day.

Pele and the Bad-tempered Chief

Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, often took the form of a woman. Sometimes she was a beautiful chiefess; sometimes she was an old hag; and sometimes she looked like any ordinary woman. One day when Pele was in her fiery home she heard the sounds of merriment. She took the form of an ordinary woman and, standing at the top of a hill, she watched a chief race down the grassy slope on a long sled. When he reached the bottom of the hill he was loudly cheered by the people.

When the chief returned to the top of the hill Pele said, "I dare you to race with me."

Now Kahawali was a handsome chief but he was bad-tempered. He shrugged and said, "Come along!"

They coasted downhill and Kahawali slid past Pele. Her eyes flashed with anger but she said nothing. She saw that Kahawali's sled was swifter than hers and when they returned to the top of the hill she said, "Let me try your sled."

"Are you my wife that you ask for my sled?" Kahawali cried, and shot down the hill.

Pele was furious. She stamped her foot and an earthquake cut the hill in two. She screamed with rage and thunder boomed and lightning flashed about her. As she raced after Kahawali

on a river of burning lava, the people fled for their lives. When Kahawali reached the bottom of the hill and looked back he saw a woman racing after him on a river of lava. "Pele comes devouring! Pele comes devouring!" he cried as he ran toward the ocean. He sprang into his canoe and shoved off just ahead of the river of fire. The water boiled and the steam almost choked him as he paddled away from Pele, who stood at the shore hurling flaming lava at him.

Kahawali escaped to another island and he stayed there all his life, for he never dared to return to Hawaii where Pele dwelt.

The Origin of Dancing

When Koro was a small boy his father, Tinirau, used to go away in the night and not return for days. He never said where he went nor did he ever offer to take his son with him. Little Koro did not like this. One night he stayed awake and followed his father. He saw him climb a coconut tree without touching it with his chest or his left hand, throw down coconuts, husk them, scrape out the meat, and wrap it in a broad taro leaf.

Tinirau carried the coconut meat to the beach and Koro heard him chant as he scattered the coconut over the waters. Koro listened with all his mind so that he might learn the sacred words. At

the feet of Tinirau gathered the fish of the shallows, then the fish from the reef, then the monsters of the deep. "We have come to the feast, Tinirau, King of Fishes," they cried. As the chants ended the Sacred Isle left its home at the reef and floated to the feet of the king. As Tinirau stepped upon the island half of his body, from head to foot, changed to that of a dolphin. All of the fish changed into half-human form and they put on

The fish gathered at the feet of Tinirau.

pandanus wreaths and danced around their king, who danced with them as the Sacred Isle floated away. Koro was surprised and delighted to know that his father was king of fishes.

Tinirau returned in a few days wearing a fragrant pandanus lei. The next time he went away Koro followed him again, listened and watched. Eager to see if he too had power over fishes, Koro set out on the following night. He climbed the coconut tree as his father had done, carried the meat to the beach and chanted the sacred words as he scattered it. The small fish gathered at his feet, then the larger fish, then the monsters of the deep. Among them was Tinirau, who cried, "So you learned my secret! Come and dance in the moonlight." After that Koro often went with his father to the midnight dances of the fish. The people of Mangaia will tell you it was from Koro that their ancestors learned the art of dancing.

The First Coquette

Long ago Heaven dwelt alone in the skies. Often in his dreams he saw a woman fair as the morning, but he never saw her when he was awake though he sought all over the thin lands for her. He decided that she must come from some of the lands concealed by the mists, and he resolved to find her. He took a coconut, grated the meat and scattered it around the openings that led into the lands beneath the mists. The food from one of the openings disappeared. He put down another

supply of grated coconut and hid behind a mountain peak and watched.

A slender hand cautiously reached out of the opening and took some of the coconut.

"That must be the woman of my dreams!" Heaven cried. He went down and captured the woman. "Who are you?" he cried.

"I am Earth," the woman answered shyly.

"Fair Earth, I have seen you in my dreams many times," said Heaven. "I have longed to have you for my wife."

Earth hid her face in a misty veil as she answered softly, "I have often climbed up from the mist lands hoping you would see and love me."

"Nothing shall ever separate us now that I have found you," said Heaven. And Earth became the cherished wife of Heaven as she is to this day.

How Heaven and Earth Were Kicked Apart

Heaven was the father; Earth the mother. These first parents loved each other dearly and Father Heaven stayed so close to Earth that there was only a thin ribbon of twilight between them. In time their sons, the young gods, were born. Once they saw Father Heaven yawn and lift his arms. For the first time they saw the full light of day and they longed to live in it forever. They begged their father to go up higher that they might have more room.

"Leave my dear wife! Indeed I'll not!" thundered Father Heaven.

The young gods were angry and they counseled together. "Let us kill our parents," said the god of war.

"Leave them as they are," said the jealous god of winds, who feared his mother would become too beautiful if the full light of day shone upon her.

"Let us push them apart," said Kane, the god of forests. "Father Heaven shall go into the sky and become a stranger to us, but our dear mother shall remain with us."

The young gods in turn tried to separate Heaven and Earth but their parents clung so tightly to each other that they could not be pushed apart. At last it was Kane's turn to try. He

braced himself with his feet on the ground and his palms against heaven, and shoved with all his strength. But Father Heaven moved not as much as the thickness of a leaf.

Suddenly Kane remembered that the hair of his plants grew down into the earth. He put his head against Mother Earth and dug deep into the ground with his hands. He felt his body tingle with strength. With mighty force he kicked Heaven and lo, with cries of anguish Father Heaven and Mother Earth were rent apart, and Father Heaven moved up into the upper spaces where he has remained ever since.

The Red Robe of Heaven

After Kane had kicked Father Heaven into the sky, Mother Earth was very lonely and she begged Kane to kick her up there too.

"I cannot. You are below me," Kane said. He was sorry for his mother. "Don't weep, Mother. Dry your eyes and look at the new dress my plants have made for you. Father will be dizzy with your sweet perfume."

Mother Earth was so beautiful in her new dress of flowers that Kane thought he saw Father Heaven lean down and caress Mother Earth at the far horizon. For a time Mother Earth was happy. One day she looked from her own flowered gown to the colorless robe of heaven. "My son, your father is so poorly clad," she said.

Kane searched and found a red garment which was so sacred that only the gods know where it came from. He wrapped it around Father Heaven. "Now you are better clad," he said.

Father Heaven was well pleased with his red robe which can be seen to this day at sunrise and sunset. But he still mourns for his dear wife and in the long nights his tears fall upon her bosom in what men call dewdrops. The warm sighs of Mother Earth rise in what men call mists.

The Sky Spangles

After Kane had given Father Heaven the red robe of day his mother was satisfied for a little while and then she said, "Kane, I cannot see your father at night. He seems so far away."

Kane went to a far land where dwelt the goblin who made spangles of light. "I have come to ask you for some of those shining things," he said.

"Go and help yourself," said the goblin. "They are lying on the plain beyond the jagged peaks called 'Cracks of the Night,' and 'Chinks of the Day.' But take care, it is a long and difficult journey."

Fearless Kane set out. When he arrived at the plain beyond 'Cracks of the Night' and 'Chinks of the Day' the light of the spangles almost blinded him. He gathered up the most beautiful ones and returned. He put one of the small ones on Father Heaven's day robe but it did not show at all. "Wait, Father, and I will get you a dark robe for the night," he said.

He enfolded his father in a dark mantle and fastened its folds with large and small spangles. As he put the largest and brightest spangle in place, he said, "Here, Father, is your day eye. With it, you can gaze upon Mother all day. And here is the silvery spangle for your night eye.

With it you can gaze down upon Mother all night long."

Father Heaven was very happy in his new robe of night and the air was warm with the tender sighs of Mother Earth.

The Origin of Trees

After Kane had propped up Father Heaven with cloud-banks, Mother Earth was still very unhappy because she could not hear her husband's voice. Kane felt sorry for his mother and he went to the clay pits and formed giant bodies. He planted the feet in the ground and sang a growing chant, but they would not grow. Kane scratched his head and wondered what was wrong. Then he remembered that all of his plant children had their hair growing in the ground. So Kane uprooted his new children and planted them head downward. He covered the curly hair with earth but the open mouths he left out of the ground to catch moisture.

Again Kane sang a growing chant and this time the kicking legs became quiet and his children burst into leaf.

Kane called the birds of the forest to him and when they were all about him, he said, "You see those strange bodies I have planted? Those are

trees. You may nest in them and you may eat their fruit."

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you, Kane!" chirped the birds.

"And listen, my chieflings," said Kane. "I am going to bestow upon you a great honor. It shall be your duty to carry messages between Father Heaven and Mother Earth."

The birds almost burst their little throats with joy. Mother Earth heard the music. "What is it, my son?" she cried.

"I have just told the birds that they are to carry messages between you and Father Heaven," replied Kane.

Mother Earth's eyes filled with tears. "Kane, you are a good son. Now that I can send messages to your dear father, I shall never complain again."

The Origin of Clouds

After Kane had spangled the sky with sun, moon and stars, Mother Earth still complained. "Your father is so high overhead. Can't you bring him nearer to me?"

"No, I cannot. The heavens are hollow overhead because that is where my foot hit when I kicked Father Heaven up into the sky."

Mother Earth wept. "He is so high that I can no longer hold him in my arms. I know that some

day he will fall from that high place and hurt himself."

"Don't weep," said Kane, "I will prop him up."

Kane went to the mouth of a volcano and caught the hot breath of the volcano goddess. He rolled it into balls and placed them under his father. He hurried back to his mother. "Do you see those balls of white on top of the mountains?"

"Yes. What are they, son?"

"Those are cloud-banks. They will support Father Heaven so he cannot fall. When there are storms the clouds will form a great mat all over the earth and they will hold him safe in his sky place."

And Kane and his mother looked proudly at the cloud-banks that made soft pillows for Father Heaven to rest upon.

The Creation of Woman

Kane, the God of Forests, longed to see people living on earth. "Why don't you marry a goddess and give your children the earth for their home?" asked God of Ocean.

"No, my children should have an earth woman for their mother if they are to live happily with Mother Earth," replied Kane.

And Kane sought for a wife but on all the earth there was no woman for him to marry. He went to Io, the Great God of Silent Places who dwells in Twelfth Heaven, and brought back the breath of life. He took red earth and modeled a body much like that of the gods. He formed the eyes and said, "Here are your eyes. With them you can tell good from evil." He formed the heart and said, "Here is your heart. In it is the knowledge of good and evil." Then Kane took the breath of life and placed it in the nostrils and mouth.

The woman's mouth opened, her breath came forth, her eyes opened, and the pupils saw. Kane cried, "Sneeze, living heart, to the world of light." She sneezed and he lifted the woman and carried her to the altar. Her body was purified and found worthy to carry the germ of life. And she was called "Woman-created-of-earth."

Kane married Hine and she became the mother of the children of earth.

The House Built of Beautiful Men and Women

Once there was a demon who built his house of beautiful men and women. It was finished except for the ridgepole and he was saving this place of honor for a maiden of flawless beauty. One

"The demon built his house of beautiful men and women."

day he saw a maiden whose beauty was as perfect as a flower. He captured her and carried her to his home. When she saw the beautiful men and women who were already built into the house, the poor girl cried out in terror, "What are you going to do with me?"

"You shall be my ridgepole," answered the demon, dancing about her in glee.

"Do not build me into your house!" she begged. "Look at the sneers on the faces of those others! They hate me!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! They hate you because you are more beautiful than they!"

The maiden wailed and beat her breast. At last the demon felt pity for her and he led her to the seashore. "Slay me!" he cried.

"I cannot slay you," the maiden said.

The demon's face twisted horribly. "You pity me?" he shrieked. The maiden nodded her head. He fled from her and dove into the curling surf. Out of the foam rose a handsome man.

"Who are you?" the maiden cried, startled at his beauty.

"I am myself now," he replied. "But I was enchanted and forced to be that cruel demon until a maiden of flawless beauty should pity me. Your pity has saved me, and my life is yours."

He went to the house and freed the men and women who had formed his house and told them to return to their homes. Then he returned and married the maiden and in all the islands of the Pacific there was not a happier couple.

The Menehunes

The menehunes are the night workmen of Hawaii. They are strong little men and are no taller than a man's knee. They have bushy eyebrows through which their jolly eyes shine. The old menehunes have heavy beards, and their noses and ears bristle with hair. All menehunes love singing and dancing. They love to work too. Nothing makes them happier than to plant or build. They work so well that it usually takes only one night for them to build a canoe, a bridge, or a temple. "In one night, and by dawn it is finished," is one of their laws, for they consider it a disgrace not to work rapidly and well.

The menehunes do not like boasters. A menehune who boasts he can do anything and then fails! Ah, that menehune is turned to stone.

The favorite fish of menehunes is shrimp, for that is the only one plenteous enough so that each menehune man, woman, and child, may have one all to himself. They like cooked taro leaves, sweet potatoes and all the foods of old Hawaii. They have many games. They fly kites, slide down grassy slopes on sleds, spin tops, play a kind of checkers, and many games known the world over. They love to swim and fish. When strange

lights appear on the water you may be sure they are the torches of menehune fishermen.

The menehunes live in the woods. They must sleep all day long for they have never been seen in the light of day. Many Hawaiians can hear their singing but only those who have menehune blood in their veins can see them. I have been told that freckles are really menehunes' kisses which these little people plant on the noses of good children on the night after the full moon. The menehunes love the Hawaiian children so much and have given them so many kisses that they are one big brown freckle.

The Menehune Watercourse

Some of the people of the island of Kauai often went hungry for there was no water to make their crops grow. Ola, the king, went to his advisor, Pi, and asked, "What shall I do to get water for the fields of my people?"

"I will see if I can get my kinsmen to help," said Pi.

Now Pi had menehune blood in his veins and he went into the mountains and found the chief of the menehunes. "O Chief, our people are starving for there is no water for our fields," he said. "Will the menehunes build a watercourse and a dam in the river?"

"We will," replied the chief of the menehunes. "We will come on the night of the full moon. No sound must be heard. The people must stay inside their houses. Dogs must be muzzled. Chickens must be put under calabashes."

"It will be as you say," said Pi. "And a feast will be prepared for you."

On the night of the full moon all was in readiness. When Pi heard a far hum of voices he went to the river and waited. Louder and louder grew the singing. He saw an army of menehunes marching single file down the mountain path. Each singing menehune carried a rock in his hand. The first menehunes dug a trench and those behind them laid the fitted stones. Another army of them was building the dam in the river.

Just as the work was finished and the water of the river turned into the new watercourse there was a clear call of "E-le-pai-o! E-le-pai-o!" It was the morning cry of the elepaio bird who always warns the menehunes when the first leg of the sun climbs out of the sea.

Pi distributed the bundles of shrimp and cooked taro to the workmen. As they marched back into the mountains their humming was so joyous and so loud that it could be heard from Kauai to the island of Oahu.

The Shark and the Menehunes

One of the favorite sports of the menehunes, the Little People of Hawaii, is to throw a stone from a cliff and then dive down and overtake it in much the same way as the diving boys of Honolulu catch the coins tossed to them from the passenger ships.

Once a group of menehunes climbed a cliff and were going to see who was the best diver. Aka, a fat little menehune, dove first. The others watched to see if he caught his stone. One of them pointed down into the water at a large dark shape, and cried, "Look, a shark! Shark! Shark! Swim for your life, Aka!"

As they pelted the shark with stones they saw Aka hit the water and swim away as fast as he could. The shark turned and the menehunes on the cliff saw the glistening whiteness of his underside where his crooked mouth was.

"Look at the trail of blood! He has killed our Aka!" cried a menehune.

"No, there he is!" cried another. "See, he is swimming into that crevice between the rocks. Now the shark cannot get him!"

Menehunes from the cliff, menehunes from the shore, hurried to Aka and found that the shark had nipped off his big toe. They put healing

leaves on the wound and bandaged his foot, and wept and wailed over him.

Now the shark was very angry because he had only a toe to eat when he was all prepared for the fat little menehune, and he lashed his tail angrily.

The menehunes went to a wise old menehune who lived in a cave. "What shall we do? There is a shark in our pool beneath the cliff and we dare not dive."

The old menehune pulled his long white beard and thought. "Trap him," he said at last. "Make a basket of morning glory vines. Fill it with bait and lower it into the sea."

The menehunes made the basket, filled it with bait and carried it out to sea. They fastened a long fiber rope to it and with this in their hands they swam back to shore and hid in the bushes. Very soon they saw the shark sniffing around the basket and they felt a strong pull at their rope. The basket began to dance on the waves. "Pull, pull with all your might!" cried a menehune.

They dragged the shark onto the beach and he lay there helpless, for he could not move in the sand. He rolled his eyes angrily and gnashed his rows of teeth. The menehunes did not fear him now, and he lay there until he was dead. The birds came and picked his bones. And those bones lay there for a long time as a warning to other sharks not to dare to touch a menehune.

The Boastful Menehune

Kaukiuki was a menehune, one of the Little People of Hawaii who work only at night. He often heard the story of how Maui snared the sun and made it go more slowly across the sky so that men might have longer days. Kaukiuki boasted that he would snare the moon, break off some of its moonbeam legs, and make it go more slowly across the sky, so that menehunes might have longer nights.

Now in menehune land to try to do a thing and fail is not a crime. But to boast of what one will do and then fail! Ah, that *is* a crime!

Kaukiuki wove a rope of coconut fiber and climbed a high hill just as Maui had done. He stood on tiptoe ready to snare the moon. The Owl of Kane came and stared at the boy, which was his owlish way of begging the boy to stop, but Kaukiuki stared back without a trace of fear. When the owl flew away the moon had disappeared and day had come.

Kaukiuki was not discouraged. The next night he climbed the hill and threw his noose but he missed the moon. The third night he climbed the highest hill on the island but he failed again.

To punish the boastful boy the menehunes turned him to stone, and the stone of that boastful menehune can be seen to this day.

The Menehune Canoe

When Laka was a baby his father went across the sea in search of a toy for him, and never returned. Laka often asked for his father and when he was almost a man his grandmother told him she believed he had been killed. "He may be living," said Laka. "I shall go across the sea and perhaps I shall find my dear father. But how shall I get a canoe?"

"Go into the mountains and find a tree with leaves like the young moon. That will be the tree for your canoe," his grandmother replied.

Laka took his stone axe and went into the mountains. After searching all day he found a tree with leaves like the young moon. He cut it down and went home. In the morning he could not find his tree for in the night the menehunes, the Little People of Hawaii, had put it together again and it was growing just as if it had never been touched by an axe. Laka cut another tree. The next morning he could not find it. The third day Laka dug a trench for his tree to fall over and when he had felled the tree he hid in the trench. When the moon's first beams lighted the forest Laka heard the hum of voices. He peeped out and saw the menehunes take hold of his tree. He sprang out of the trench. All the little men fled except one old man who tripped on his trailing

whiskers. Laka seized him and cried, "I shall kill you! How dare you touch my tree?"

"If you spare me, we will make a canoe for you," the old menehune said.

Laka let him go and ran home and told his grandmother what had happened. She opened her eyes wide. "The menehunes will build a canoe for you? You are indeed a lucky boy! Let us prepare a feast for them."

When the feast was placed on the mats and made gay with vines and ginger flowers they heard a far hum. "That is the menehunes lifting the canoe," said the grandmother. They heard a second hum. "The menehunes are bringing it home to you." They heard the third and loudest hum. "They have placed it on the beach."

Laka and his grandmother stayed in the house and heard the menehunes shriek with delight when they saw the gay feast. They danced, sang, and feasted until the dawn cry of the elepaio bird sent them scampering into the mountains. Laka ran out and there on the beach was the most beautiful canoe ever owned by any boy in Hawaii Nei. He never found his father for he had been killed, but Laka became a great and fearless voyager and he was famous all over Hawaii.

The Turtle and the Fowl

Once a turtle left the ocean and swam up a stream to bathe in a spring of fresh water. He heard a squawking voice cry, "Get out of my spring!"

The turtle rolled his eyes around and saw a fowl above him. "This spring is as much mine as it is yours," the turtle replied.

"It is mine, and you must go away!" shrieked the fowl.

"I won't. I have as much right here as you have," the turtle insisted, and went on enjoying his bath.

The fowl shook his head angrily and clawed the earth. Finally he said, "Let us go home, and the one who is here first in the morning will own the spring."

"Agreed," said the turtle. "I will go to my home in the ocean, and you go to your home in the village." And they both departed.

As the turtle travelled very slowly, he left the ocean early the next morning and swam up the river. He arrived at the spring before the sun rose. The fowl felt that there was no need for him to hurry, because he had such a short distance to go, and he had wings. So he roosted until the sun rose. He flapped his wings, rose from his

perch, and went to the spring. His beak dropped open when he saw the turtle. "You are here before me?" he gasped.

"'You are here before me?' gasped the fowl."

"I am, and the spring is mine," said the turtle.

To this day whenever a Samoan is late because he is lazy, his friends will laugh and say, "Ah, Mr. Fowl, the turtle arrived before you!"

The Homeless Spirit

This is a story told me by an old Hawaiian whose grizzly head is stored with the lore of his people. In his younger days he knew an old man who sometimes left his body and went into the spirit world. Once he floated over the ocean and he saw a shivering spirit perched upon the rigging of a sailing ship. "Who are you?" the old man asked.

"I am King of Hawaii Nei. I died in a foreign land and they are taking my body back to my country."

"Where are you going?" asked the old man.

"I do not know," shivered the King.

The old man felt great aloha for him. "Come with me and I will ask Pele to receive you. Men say that Pele's kingdom is one of fire, but we who have spiritual eyes know it is a garden of flowers; a paradise of happiness. Come!"

At the sacred portals Pele, a woman of divine beauty clothed in red robes, spoke in a voice as sweet as the scent of a ginger flower. "What do you wish?" she asked.

"In the shelter of the lehua trees rests the spirit of the King of Hawaii Nei. May he dwell with you?"

"Wait here," said Pele. When she returned she shook her head sadly. "He cannot enter."

I asked why the king could not enter Pele's paradise. Was it because he was not of high enough rank? My friend shook his gray head. It was not that. He knew but he would not tell. It was a secret of his people. I was filled with sorrow for the homeless spirit and then I remembered hearing that when this king's body was carried into the throne room, a vivid rainbow arched the palace. And I felt sure that the homeless king was received into the paradise of some other god of Hawaii.

The Minute Guns of the Gods

When the will of Lunalilo, King of Hawaii Nei, was opened at his death in 1874, it was found that he wished to be buried at the churchyard with his mother and with the people who had elected him king. As a mausoleum was to be built for his body, he was first buried with full honors at the royal burial grounds in Honolulu.

When the mausoleum in front of the church was completed, the new king was asked to fire the minute guns as the body of Lunalilo was moved. The king refused. Lunalilo had been buried once with full honors. That was enough.

As the coffin was carried out of the mausoleum

lightning flashed and a peal of thunder shook the heavens, and every minute of the long way from the royal burial grounds to the churchyard, the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed with the regular beat of a minute gun. As the body was placed in its last resting place, a blinding flash of lightning cut the sky, a deafening peal of thunder boomed, and thunder and lightning ceased.

Many people who lived in Honolulu at that time will tell you this is true. The newspapers of that time record it. The old people of Hawaii hold this dear, for they loved Lunalilo, their elected king who was honored by the Minute Guns of the Gods.

Why We Have Tides

Men of today tell us that the moon controls the tides. We Maoris of New Zealand know that this is not true. How could the far-away moon control the mighty waters of the ocean? Besides we have high and low tides even when the moon, the night eye of Father Heaven, does not appear in the sky.

We Maoris know that in the ocean there lives a god who breathes but once in twenty-four hours. When he inhales, it is low tide. When he exhales, it is high tide.

Now you know the truth.

"In the ocean there lives a god."

The Battle of Fire and Water

Once Fire was mighty on land and he boasted that he would defeat Water and become the conqueror of the world. He went to the beach and stuck out his red tongue to lick up Water. Water hissed and shot out his foaming tongue.

For a long time the fighters waged war. At last Water drove Fire back onto the land. As Fire retreated he melted everything he touched. At last Water drove Fire to a high mountain peak which was the last dry spot on earth. Still they fought. With mighty force Water shot out his tongue, and Fire was drowned. Thus Water became the conqueror of the world.

The Isle of Flowers

Sinilau, a young chief, and his friends loved to ride the breakers. They often went out near the reef and when they saw a high wave coming they swam rapidly until it overtook them, then stiffening their bodies they shot in upon the wave like surfboards.

One day as they rode the breakers the ocean was suddenly covered with fragrant flowers. "Where can they come from?" Sinilau cried.

"We never saw anything like it," said his

friends looking around in amazement at the flower-decked ocean.

"I must discover where they grow," said Sinilau, and he swam away.

As his island home disappeared and another island came into view a wave lifted him and carried him to shore. Sinilau gathered vines from the beach and wound them around his waist. He was amazed to see he had been carried to an island where trees carpeted the land with their flowers.

Far off he saw a shining light. As he went closer he saw it came from a cave. He entered and saw lying upon a mat of flowers a sleeping maiden whose beauty shone like a light about her. He thought such a beautiful maiden must be a goddess. To make sure he plucked a pandanus seed and threw it at her, thinking if she were a goddess she would not feel it, and if she were mortal she would wake.

As the seed struck her, she opened her eyes and cried out. And when she saw Sinilau she loved him, and she became his wife.

The Temple of the Gods

At the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, is a miniature temple modeled after an old temple on the island of Hawaii. It has a rock altar with two hideous idols protecting it. It has a tapa-wrapped tower where the priests read the will of the gods. At first the Hawaiians would not visit this imitation temple. They said it had never been dedicated, and the gods knew it not. But now the Hawaiians visit it, for the gods have spoken. And this is the story which old Hawaiians and the newspapers of the day will verify.

An Hawaiian family adopted a boy whose father was Russian, his mother, a native of Guam. He had always been disobedient and wilful. When he was a man he told his foster-parents he was helping to build a temple at the museum. His mother pleaded with him to give up the work for she feared the gods would be angry. The son laughed and said, "Ha! Ha! The gods! The gods of Hawaii are dead!"

At last the temple was finished and glassed in just as you see it today. The son boasted, "The heathen temple is finished, you see, and nothing happened to me."

The next day he was on the roof of the museum helping to repair the skylight which is high above

the miniature temple. He slipped, crashed through the glass of the skylight, and on through the glass case that protected the temple. His bleeding head fell on the altar between the hideous images where offerings were placed. The gods of Hawaii had spoken. The scoffer was dead.

The First Aviator of the Pacific

Men of today think they are the first to fashion wings and fly through the heavens. That is not so. Kane was the first to fashion wings for himself.

The god, Kane, married Ina-who-rivals-the-dawn. For a time they were happy. But alas, Ina became jealous and her tongue clacked like dry banana leaves in the tradewinds. Day and night her tongue clacked. Kane climbed the tall coconut tree of his grandmother, brought down leaves and wove them into two clam-shaped baskets. He fastened one to each arm and, using

"He flew away to his own home."

them as wings, he flew away to the quiet of his own home in the far islands.

Thus you know that Kane was the first bird man of the Pacific.

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